

F
593
L38

LEWIS

"49" CAMP

BANCROFT
LIBRARY



BANCROFT
LIBRARY



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

"49" CAMP



By Capt. John I. Lewis

CAPTAIN JOHN LEWIS

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OUT

"My Garden of Roses," a book containing the new edition of the autobiography of Captain John J. Lewis, has been published and sent to the book reviewers. The volume is small and contains the many incidents of the well-known westerner's life.

Captain Lewis is prominent among the western authors and literary men, having written several volumes of poetry, which are common to the lover of books. He is close friend of Joaquin Miller, and has visited the aged Sierra poet on many occasions.

Captain Lewis' history of his life up to the present time tells of his experiences in crossing the western plains during the early '50s and his description of his many jaunts among the wilds of this state during the pioneer days, is interesting reading.

Captain Lewis was in San Jose yesterday on his way to Paradise valley.

CAPTAIN J. LEWIS

VISITS OLD HOME

Points Out His "Squatter Claim" He Sold for \$112.

SAN LEANDRO, Oct. 10.—"Well, that isn't the blamed old creek where I used to wash my clothes way back '53," rapped out old Captain John Lewis, one of the forty-niners, who yesterday visited his old squatter's claim, which is now the site of the county infirmary. For the first time in forty years the pioneer came from his home in Butte county to pay a visit to the scene of his gold-digger struggles, and he was shown round the site of his squatter claim by Dr. C. W. Willis, the resident physician at the infirmary.

"My, but times have changed," was the old man's comment, when after a tour of the place the only landmark he could recognize was the creek which ran past his hut in the hills.

But if his former home had been wiped out by the march of progress, Captain Lewis showed he still retained many of the traits of the gold-rush days, and he still possesses the fiddle that helped him to while away an idle hour in his home in the hills, and without invitation he sat down and gave Dr. Willis a selection of choice old tunes.

Captain Lewis was at one time a member of the early militia. In crossing over the plains with the first gold seekers he acted as captain of the fleet of prairie schooners. "Guess my old neighbors here will be all gone," and the old man named half a dozen fellow squatters who were the sole inhabitants of the San Leandro hill region in those days. Lewis was a friend of Joaquin Miller, and was visited by the poet in his home in Butte county. After a two-hour reminiscence talk with Dr. Willis Captain Lewis left in his buggy for San Jose, where he will visit friends. He carried a camping outfit in the buggy and will camp out during his tour round. As showing the value of land in the early days, Captain Lewis

My Garden of Roses



Or the Footnotes of Life

"MY GARDEN OF ROSES."

John I. Lewis

"My Garden of Roses," is a little book issued by our old friend J. I. Lewis, of Biggs. It is an autobiography and an account of travel over the plains from the east to California. Following the argosy is an interesting story of the trials and struggles of a mining camp. Throughout all the book there is a quaint philosophy and a happy strain of content with the goods the gods provide. Mr. Lewis indulges his poetic vein at intervals and the thought and the dic-

tion is refreshing and appealing. Mr. Lewis was born, according to the little book, March 1, 1834, in Warren county, Indiana. In 1853 Mr. Lewis started for California, in company with Martin and Daniel McDare. The motive power for their waogns was a long string of oxen. They fell in with Captain Smith's train and continued through the dangerous Indian country in their company. Buffalo were seen by the millions, sometimes being necessary to turn aside to let a great herd pass.

Copyright by JOHN I. LEWIS.

(New Edition)





A queen would abdicate her throne
To reach the heights of nature's own.
When trouble come
There was but one,
She stands the oak as well as vine;
This dearest darling wife of mine.

F593

L38

11/7/50 Mt. of Rose

LEWIS MAY FIDDLE AT PORTOLA FETE

Pioneer of Butte County in
Bay City, Ready for the
Big Festival.

Special to the Union.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 11.—Captain Lewis has come to town for the Portola. Captain John I. Lewis is his name in full and he lives at Paradise, Butte county. He is 79 years old, but he just couldn't resist the call of the carnival. He says so himself.

He is a retired rancher, but he is more besides. For one thing he is doubly a pioneer—he came across the plains twice by ox team. For another, he was a close friend of Joaquin Miller, and one of his most cherished mementoes is a photograph of himself taken at Miller's side at the latter's home at The Heights. And besides, he is a champion fiddler. Fiddler is the term—not violinist. Captain Lewis has taken first prizes at the state fair with his fiddle and is proud of it.

Although he was born in 1834, in Indiana, he looks every inch a pioneer. He came across the plains for the first time in 1853, and again in 1860, the latter year being captain of his ox team. In that capacity he walked or ran three miles for every mile of the trail.

Besides all these characteristics of skill and derring-do, Captain Lewis is a bit of a poet. He has published a little volume of verse which he likes to give to his friends. In homely rhyme he has expressed his love of the open West, as it was known to the by-gone generation; and in it, under the title "My Garden of Roses," he has told his life history—as interesting a story as any to be found in Bret Harte.

After paying San Francisco a brief visit he started to jog on down the peninsula to San José, to visit his son, W. L. Lewis. He will stay there a few days, and then come back to the city for the Portola. He spends most of his time in an open wagon.

Up in Butte county he has four other sons, and it would be hard to tell whether he is prouder of any of his varied attributes than he is of his family.

they?

FIDDLERS.

They were those oldtime fiddlers. They played the tunes that your great-grandmother used to dance by, and your grandmother, if you are not so very young. Old Captain Lewis from Indiana, 83 years old, who got the most applause last night, must have been playing that same old hune for the last 50 years.

It was almost a tie between him and McClellan, 74 years old, who was born in Nova Scotia.

"Those old boys had a great time," as Billy Jordan put it, after he had "let 'er go." Billy was one of the chief attractions of the "Fiddlers' Contest" special feature this week, and the only professional of the lot.

Billy is the ladies' special treat. The veteran prize-fight announcer has not often appeared before a "mixed" audience. But he did his stunt without any show of embarrassment and introduced each fiddler with the same

DANDIES.

PREFACE

I tried to leave out everything that didn't comport with the title of my book. I will not chronicle man's inhumanity to man. Everything in this world goes to the highest bidder; then pay the price and be a man. I want to share the profits of my little book with both Caroline Rachel Miller and my girl in the shipwreck.

Be brief, my child, be brief, be brief;

We swung our scythe, we bound our
sheaf;

We ploughed our corn, we fed our kine,
And drove our team with a single line.

As friends we meet in Seattle town;
In the red-glared West, where the sun
goes down.

Good, cheer, my child! do not repine!
'Tis the year of our Lord, nineteen
hundred and nine;
Yukon, Seattle, where
A summer solstice in a land of fir.
But should you chance to go away,
Someone will ask, then you will say:
"I bring this little souvenir
From Captain Lewis, the old pioneer."



Stanza First.

Young Jewelled City by the Golden Gate
From every nation, from every State,
We come, we come to celebrate
And climb on the P. P. I. E. band wagon
O the joke was complete when we walked
up the street to climb on the
P. P. I. E. Band Wagon.

Stanza Second

O the most wonderful things in the most
wondrous fair,
Go see them all and guess what they are;
But the grandest of all are the faces we
greet;
When we climb on the P. P. I. E. Band
Wagon.
O the joke was complete when we walked
up the street to climb on the
P. P. I. E. Band Wagon.

Stanza Third

O the Zone, the Zone, with her talent in
State,

Her torid, her frigid, her more temperate
Go visit each star in her colors so rare,
When you climb on the P. P. I. E. Band
Wagon.

O the joke was complete when we walked
up the street to climb on the
P. P. I. E. Band Wagon.

Stanza Fourth

In long, long, after years
Perchance, perchance our children will
greet,

When and where did your parents first
meet?

Down on the P. P. I. E. Band Wagon.

O the joke was complete when we walked
up the street to climb on the
P. P. I. E. Band Wagon.

My Souvenir Page.

Our world is made up of degrees,
The best of the day is the dawn.
I address this page to the B's
To Beauty, to Brains and to Brawn.

The great Sea has married the Ocean
Made one by Gotheals, the High Priest.
A world lifts a hand in devotion.
Their darlingest first-born is peace.

Two souls did meet—two souls so lonely
 apart,
Two souls did greet,
Yes here is my hand and my heart.
More precious than sister and brother
Two souls that were born for each other--
Adolphus and Placiadia of late
To unite in Peace every nation and every
 state.

His home is where hurricanes blow terrific

She is more fair and her home Pacific

His age only 19

While her's is barely 15.

He stands a god so lithe and straight

Yes we are gods and can create

She seems a star—in Peace or War.

On such a splendid starry night,

Who would not be a satellite?

When the Frenchman chose that he go
wooing

She chanted low "There's nothing doing."

When our own Roosevelt placed his pen,

O, there was something doing then

One shrill screech of the Eagle's scream

Had changed to real a wondrous dream.

On San Francisco's shores

Where she used to stray

A world has met to celebrate their nuptial
day

On other shores in other lands
Perchance you'll clasp with gentle hands.

I bring this little Souvenir
From Capt. Lewis, the old Pioneer.

—*Captain Lewis,*
Lone Oak.





My Garden of Roses



I was born in Warren County, Indiana, March 15, 1834, in a log cabin. There was a cluster of log cabins and the old block house was there; the cabin was built of hickory logs, and old Hickory was born the 15th day of March. There was more expected of me than the ordinary boy baby. The first I remember both grandfathers and uncles were there. Grandfather Lewis was born in Albemarle County, Virginia. He was a follower of Fox, the first Quaker, and a relative of Captain Lewis, the explorer. Grandfather Statzell was a Pennsylvania German; both grandfathers were soldiers in the war of 1812. The old Bible was our guide. My mother read poetry and

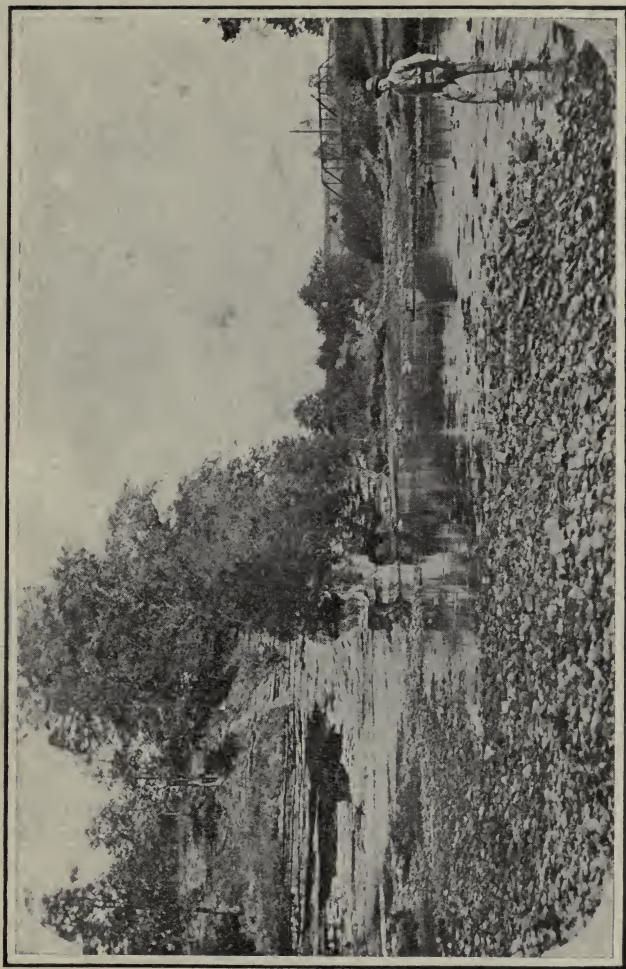
told us about the great authors. I soon learned to read for myself. I can repeat passages from the poets I love all day long.

Warren County lies on the border land between Grand Prairie, running west through Illinois, Iowa and still beyond, and the woodland running to the Atlantic, the two Pine Creeks, Big Pine and Little Pine, named from the pine trees growing on the banks.

Does the pine trees stand by the mill now?
Has the creek where we swam gone dry?
Does the wild flowers bloom on the hill
now?

Does the bluff by the dam look so high?
Does the girls that we loved look so gay
now?

Has time told the tale without a sigh?
Would she sing us a song of to-day now?
Would she sing as in days gone by?



The Creek Where We Swam.

The beautiful groves, Parrish Grove, and her sisters, White Oak Grove, North and West Hickory Groves, Walnut Grove and the legends that surround them. Parrish, the great chief of the Kickapoos, his daughter Princess Lalala, used to wander in the wood and over the plain while she wandered with her proper escort beyond the Wabash. She was led captive by a Prince of the Tippecanoes and never returned. No doubt she was wooed honorably and was the wife of a Prince, but Parrish was dissatisfied that no one else should go beyond the Wabash to revel in the woods. He created an Arbor Day, and all of the young men and maidens came in spring time and planted trees that rival the groves of Daphne.

February 15, 1853, Martin and Daniel McDade and myself, with our oxen and wagons well fitted for the trip, started to cross the plains to California. We camped the first night in Parish Grove. We crossed the Missouri River the first of May.

Alert my boys, you are now in a land
Where the only law is your own strong
hand.

Going up the Platte River, the season was very wet. We were in Captain Smith's train. The Elk Horn fork of the Platte River was overflowed; we made three canoes of the small timber that grew on the banks, and bolted them together, with a rope tied to a tree on either side. Three men started on a trial trip. About half way across the boat turned turtle and two men were drowned, one swam ashore. There was a very large emi-

gration that year. Thousands of cattle in droves; we could see the same on the south side of the river, before we reached Laramie. I think I saw more than a million buffalo. They came from the south, crossed the river and traveled north. We often stopped our train to let them pass. We saw only a few above Laramie. By an agreement with the McDade brothers we walked all the way across the plains to save our team. We drove team day about, one day on, two days off; we often went in to the hills north of the Platte Valley with our rifles; brought in deer, antelope, hare and grouse. Often we didn't get back to the road until 12 o'clock at night. The wolves would surround us and travel along with us, a dozen or more together; they had a way of cracking their teeth that made night hideous.

From every State in the Union we were fellow travelers that created a sort of Freemasonry, in passing and repassing we became acquainted with a great many people. We spent the evenings visiting; the old violin would be brought in to play. We often danced cotillions on the green. I had often heard of the simple life of the Indian in our rambles. North of the road, sometimes ten miles out, we never saw his habitation. The Omahas, the Pawnees and the Sioux would come in from the hills on their ponies with a friendly salute. On one occasion we met 500 Sioux. They were on a sort of dress parade; they looked as near alike as so many shot dropped from the same tower; six feet tall with Roman features with no care of the morrow. Why did Pope call him Poor Lo? While

I pen these lines remembrance makes me
glad, and we have substituted,

These lords of the plains,
With more bullion than brains.

We have passed Laramie and the wet season that makes our picnic more pleasant. On over the Black Hills, up the Sweetwater River, to the Independence Rock, named by Captain King on 4th of July, forty-nine. Independence Rock covers about three acres. It is a sort of porphyry, easy carved with a jack knife. When we passed there in 1860 the surface was covered with names and dates: carved there by the traveler. If time has not effaced these names I will propose to the association for the preservation of old land marks to petition President Roosevelt to set it aside for a national museum. The Devil's Gate, near Independence Rock, is a perpendicular cut,

about 300 feet high, where Sweetwater River passes through. The Pacific Springs on the summit of the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, and here are two roads that diverge so wide. Rachel, your people are going to Oregon; my people are going to California. We have walked more than a thousand miles together. Yes, we can correspond; your address will be Oregon, mine will be California. Good-bye, Rachel.



Rachel, we have walked more than
a thousand miles together.
Some days were bright,
While other days some clouds did
gather.
'Tis years and years, did I falter, did
we part.
Oh, no! I held this image in my
heart.

Out west, through the sagebrush I walked all alone. I address this page to Rachel Miller, Oregon, On Over Green River, down Echo and Emigrant Canyons, in Great Salt Lake Valley. Great Salt Lake City was a small town then. Here we met the Mormon and his two wives, as they glided around at their domestic affairs. I wondered what they are thinking about. The Mormon was supposed to be unfriendly to the traveler. On up the valley, through the mountains to City Rocks. City Rocks is a cluster of buttes or peaks that show the freaks in nature.

On down the Humboldt Canyon, down the river to the sink. From the sink of the Humboldt to the Carson River is forty miles of heavy sand. We started from the sink at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, drove all night, arrived at the Car-

son River next day at noon. Here we met the enterprising Yankee. He had laid his squatter's claim and fenced it with a tow string fence and charged us 12 1-2 cents a pound for hay. Up Carson Canyon, this is the roughest road we have found since we left the Missouri River. On over the Sierras, through the Carson Pass to Hangtown, now Placerville. The State of California is now at its best.



The beardless youth.

I was a beardless youth in that proud throng of fair women and bearded men who braved the savage and the desert sands, climbed over the mountains down into these beautiful valleys, fresh from the hands of God. I have passed the high

noon of life. I have pitched my tent in the twilight now; my lamp light is the after glow; life's sun is sinking low, so low I saw some stars when my sun went down. It was before the reign of Emperor Norton; we had failed to re-locate gold lake. News came from the far north, the first from out the State,—how that gold nuggets were blocking the channels of Frazer River, like flake ice on the Mississippi. We took passage on the old Ellinita, a small sailor of the Columbus model. About one hundred of us who had scraped bedrock before, and about twenty-five English sailors: a man and his wife and their daughter, a very pretty girl about 18 years old. I have noticed when there is only one girl in camp she is always a very pretty girl. We left the wharf in the evening and anchored in the bay. When the sailors began to

pump the water out of the ship, one man said this old tub shall never sink me; he rolled his blankets and took a boat for shore. I said hold on, pard, till I roll my blankets, and I'll go along. But Rusty says good ships as well as bad ones, have to be pumped out, and I didn't want to be called nervous. The lucky man forfeited his ticket and I got the full benefit of mine. It was one of San Francisco's fairest May mornings. With our backs to the sun, our faces to the sea, in a sort of quiet way we set sail for our Klondike. We were out for the stuff,

A kind of metal where the Klondike
flows,
And no mortal has ere found enough.

It was soon evident that the boundary dispute must be settled between the Americans and the English sailors. We were all full of Pat-Riot-Ism. At last the bat-

tle was on. There was enough of us to form the ring and our English cousins could look over our shoulders like a husband after his wife had been declared a sole trader. Our Forrest City boy won, and the Isle of San Juan was ours by conquest. We were startled by the Captain and his two mates trying to put the cook in irons. The cook was a big, strong fellow. The mates held his arms while the Captain tried to shoot, but his pistol failed to go. The passengers interfered to save life. The cook went down in the forecastle with the sailors; it was a go as you please from this on. There was no more meals served; we were allowed access to the ship's store of pickled pork and flour. What huge white cloud is that? It is a squall and in the mists of that squall we had run almost on top a big sharp rock. We were so near I could

have tossed a ball on it as easy as throwing down to the second. I didn't know but it was a common thing for ships to flounder around among the rocks before striking the main channel, but when I saw our old French Captain, a brunette of a very pronounced type with white cheeks and trembling lips, standing on deck, giving orders to the sailors to tack ship, I knew we had come very near striking bedrock.

Two men are down sick. Our doctor called it the small pox, and when it didn't kill he pronounced it Japanese measles. I asked the doctor if he thought we were near enough the coast of Japan to catch the measles. He said he thought we were. We are now long over due; we are now in the dreaded calm belt; we have been on an allowance of one pint of water for days. This morning we are told there is

no more water aboard; we held a miner's meeting and appointed a committee of "where are we at." I was one of the committee; we were instructed to use diplomacy, that masterful art which enables weak nations to live by the side of the strong, and which has made it possible for man to live with woman. Captain, this is a regularly appointed committee from your passengers to consult with you about the best means of escaping this horrible fate. We are willing to cancel our ticket for Victoria. We are willing to go back to San Francisco, Sandwich Islands, Japan or Siberia. We didn't like to be serious; we cracked some jokes. I asked the Captain when he thought the wind would blow. I would not pose as a funny man. Yu-kon never tell where the fool goes out and the fun comes in. It's none of your business; I am running this

ship. We made our report; it was a sad disappointment; we will throw him overboard; we will hang him to the yard arm. The days went by; each day we sent in another committee more fierce and threatening. I will say in deference to the French nation, he never surrendered. Talk about sulking in your tent. I think old Achilles must have been a naturalized Frenchman. It has been the puzzle of my life why we continued our war on the old Captain, and why he didn't tell us where we were. He could have told us anything. I gave an enterprising fellow four bits for a flap-jack made of flour mixed with water dipped from the Pacific Ocean. One bite was enough. Don't never go to sea and perish in a calm. There is a grandeur in the storm that makes heroes of us all. Each day we have the same scene; praying, sulking and

cursing; and in my delirium I saw the same old sun rise and go down in the sea. It takes me so long to die. Are we getting a square deal? While some of the boys stood by with revolvers in hand to keep order Rusty and I went down in the ship to ransack for water. We found one barrel partly filled with water. We soon lifted it bodily to the deck. Our first mate was an Englishman with a small head and shrill piping voice. He stood in the background harping on the majesty of the law, and the penalty for mutiny. English-like he was always around next day pulling the scab off. Our second mate was a thoroughbred American, one of those kind of fellows who would bet on the metal in a caseknife, and while we took that last drink that long afternoon in June, I saw more than a hundred cups tipped to my girl, and I wasn't jealous. Let Penelope's

suitors no longer stand as masters of revelry. I was the youngest man aboard and perhaps the best looking and one of the chief mutineers, and I watched for a glance of her eye, and I was going to say, but she was looking the other way. Since I left my old home, perhaps courtship has been reduced to a science; is not love-making older than the classics; is not little cupid older than the schoolmaster? Who ever heard of a scientific courtship, but then I have not even tipped my hat to a girl for years: Such gross neglect and all for gold.

Your gold that caused so many joys and
groans,
Is only fit for paving stones.



Waiting for me to sow my wild oats—

Did I go, did I dare, did I do?
She reminds me of one so fair—
This beauty of Butte.

And haven't I a girl back home waiting for me to sow my wild oats? But perhaps she, too, is in some sort of a shipwreck with another fellow; but then I'm not making love; I am only submitting to circumstances, and from that circumstantial love a race might spring who would live on almost indefinitely; no more use for the Osler snuffbox, and our chief magistrate stew no more. There would be no more danger of puncturing your tire; no one would get tired. No, I will wait until we have rolled the last man overboard, even to the old Captain, and then I will have an open field and our marriage will be made certain. The sun goes down, he seems to set more slowly, the sea is smooth as ever. We go below, not to sleep, but to shut our eyes against this horrible fate. Early one morning old Calaveras came flying down stairs. O

boys, the wind is blowing and you never saw anything skute so in all your life. Old Calaveras was from Calaveras County, and formerly from Arkansas, so you may know about how he looked. The wind blew on for days. No one said a word for fear of breaking the spell. At last the old Captain came out of his den with his glasses, and says land, Cape Flattery. In a few hours every eye was satisfied; a change came over the faces of the—I was going to say dying. No one seemed to want to molest the Captain. Every estimate of gladness must be made by comparison. Columbus discovered a new world, but we were permitted to return to the old, and now instead of trying to invent excuses to our God for a privilege in another world we began to rebuild in this. As we sailed up the Straits of Fuca the scene was a delightful

one. The evergreen pines grew down to the water's edge. The snow topped hills beyond, the sun had lost his furnace glare. Even old ocean seemed to resume his friendly place in nature, and my girl, I never saw my darling more, but when I struck the danger line I began to cast about for a substitute. Alas, how many of us go through life with a bare substitute.



My Girl in the Shipwreck.

Well, when the final explanation is made it will appear that one pure soul stood as ransom for us all.

When I arrived in San Francisco from the north I took passage on a Pacific Mail steamer for New York. The passengers were mostly young men, who had made their stake and were going back to their old homes. One young man was brought aboard by his friends, suffering from delirium tremens. After two days out he died. After his body was properly prepared the ship was stopped. Some passengers read from the Bible, the body was sunk in the ocean. As the ship moved on I thought of the contrast. He had gone the pace and here is the result. While I was permitted to journey on with perfect health of body and mind, with all of the high hopes of one returning to his old home after an absence of years. We have passed the Isthmus. Off Cape Hatteras the storm is raging. I thought of the loss of the Central America only two

years before. Four of the boys were from our camp Pine Grove, Sierra County. Three of the boys went down with the ship. The late William Ede was the first man rescued by the Norwegian bark that rescued thirty of the passengers. Over 400 went down with the ship. Our ship was equal to the task. After I reached home I met Caroline Lofland here in Perish Grove. We made a bargain that has stood the test for more than forty-seven years. We were married January 23, 1860. We were soon on our road to California. When we crossed the Missouri River I was chosen captain of our train.



The captain of our train.

I must look out for wood, water and grass. I must settle all disputes. I issued no code of laws. I settled each case as it came up. My authority is absolute. I am more than Captain, I am King, and Caroline is my Queen. I had two divorce cases. Mrs. C.—was the aggressor. I parleyed with her; I always had patience to plead with a woman. After riding in her neighbor's wagon three or four days, she went back to her husband satisfied. The next case was more difficult. Mr. R.—was the aggressor. I argued with him; he was on his honeymoon, as well as I on mine. His wife was one of the prettiest women I ever saw; tall and splendidly balanced; the artist would choose her from a million as his model. And her voice, so sweet and harmonious. The voice is one of the best gifts from God to man. Why don't we have schools for



training the voice to talk as well as sing. Mr. R—, there are no women in California, and what a trump you are trying to discard. He still stood pat. Finally Mr. R— we will soon be in Brigham Young's territory, then I will be entitled to two wives; I will take her, she will be mine. That settled it; he wouldn't stand for that. There are very few travelers on the plains this year. We see only a few buffalo this year—all going north, as they went before. I had learned to throw the Mexican riatta in the Sacramento Valley. We concluded I should throw the rope on a buffalo and we would put him in the yoke with old Buck. Mounted on Brown Alice, I gave chase. I made two or three passes at him when he ran into a deep washout. The buffalo went into the cut twenty feet below. I came so near going on top of him it took all of the fun out of me.

We have come to the lands of the Sioux. When the chief came in camp this morning, this is my first effort at diplomacy. He was born a Prince, while my authority is the result of a free ballot and a fair count. He is a splendid specimen of a splendid race. Six feet tall, while I am only five feet nine. While he looked down and I looked up I did almost complain.

When he took me by the hand, his hands were soft as a woman's are, while mine are rough from excessive toil. Surely what we call civilization does bring drudgery. I assured him we had plenty of provisions; that my little band would not wantonly destroy any of his game. He took the golden bracelet off his own arm and placed it on Caroline's arm.

Take this ringlet, then you'll know
As friends you come, friends you go.
I place this token in her hand,
The Sioux will see and understand.

When we came opposite Chimney Rock several of the boys waded the river to inspect it. My curiosity didn't go so far. Chimney Rock is the greatest natural curiosity I ever saw; it rises two or three hundred feet high in a land where there is no rock, and looks like an old chimney in a burnt district. The Platte River is a muddy stream, one mile wide, three feet deep, with quicksand bottom. While our statesmen are talking war at Washington that broke out in less than a year, the Indians become more warlike. We formed an alliance with Captain Thomson and Captain McFarlaine. We now had sixty wagons. Captain McFarlaine was the ranking officer. When we camped near

Fort Bridger a renegade Mormon shot Mr. Harris and rode away on Brown Alice. I went to the Commander of the Fort. He said they had a man named Bender who does their trailing; he would send him over to the camp next morning. When he came he was about the fiercest looking frontiersman I ever saw, and then the chase, forty miles through the mountains, before he came to the road, and then the battle and burial by the Half Way Rock in Echo Canyon.

While we traveled up Great Salt Lake Valley we were often told we would have to surrender to the Mormon authorities, the man who ran down the boy bandit. We would have resisted any attempt at arrest. On through the mountains down the Humboldt Valley we had a splendid time. Each night we formed the horse-shoe corral. After our cattle had their

grass they are placed in the corral. Two men guard the open space and two men scout on the outside. One man persisted in tying his horses to his wagon outside of the corral. One night they were stolen by the Indians. We took the Honey Lake route. At Deep Hole Springs we met Colonel Lander, afterwards General Lander, who was wounded at the battle of Balls Bluff, and died of his wounds. One of Mr. C's big boys rode away on a very fine mare. Mr. C—wanted Colonel Lander to bring him back; he said he would. When his troopers stood in line; bring that man back dead or alive. Of course the family wouldn't stand for that kind of a man hunt. We are now in the Sacramento Valley. Caroline soon learned to rock the cradle. We now have a large family and a host of grand-children.

When I visited the old camp at Pine Grove and Howland Flat, the hydraulic had washed away the gravel, and as I stood on the bedrock below and gazed into space above, I thought of a great many happenings that took place more than fifty years ago. It was here W. B. S. kept the world apprised of the success of our mines. Green Forest sought the bubble fame, writing literature. It was here the duel between Tom Phant and Lue Hart was never fought. Hart was a dead shot. I went to Sam Morse, Phant's second. Sam, can't you get Phant out of this honorably without a fight. O, we will never fight until we are outmaneuvered. Hart was the challenger. Tom had the choice of distance and weapons; he chose the Wabash Shaft one hundred feet deep, the weapons a bucket full of rocks, and

Hart must go to the bottom of the shaft. He didn't have the heart to go down.

On Christmas day, 1854, Dick Richardson gave me a pan of gravel shoveled off the bed rock in his claim as a Christmas present. It panned out ten ounces and two dollars. The premium on the fineness of the gold made it worth about \$200. Tom Eaves had just arrived from old Kentucky. He sat around his brother's store and looked so docile. One morning Fay Anderson, who kept store about two hundred yards up street, came down when he said something that didn't suit young Eaves. He whipped out a long knife. Anderson ran for his store; it was the best footrace I ever saw.

Mr. Blair had come from Boston looking for material to write a book. Says I am glad I saw that; I might have got counterfeited.

Lew Wharton, Jake Gould and I located 800 feet running to the summit at Table Rock. The district laws only provided for 100 feet square. Our contention was we were prospecting for a new channel back in the mountain. We had gone to a heavy expense, bought a twenty-five horse power engine in San Francisco, slid it down the Slate Creek Canyon on the lap of a tree, put it on wheels, and pulled it on the ridge with a block and tackle. We ran an incline tunnel 365 feet, 45 feet pitch. Before we got down with our tunnel the miners had located all of our claim except our hundred feet square, according to the laws of the district. One company, headed by the late P. J. White, twice elected Sheriff of Sierra County, and twice elected Sheriff of San Francisco County, went to work. Four of our boys went up and drove them off and threw

their tools down the mountain. They said we had taken the advantage of them; that we were armed. Our foreman agreed to fight them next day, eight men on each side, with Colt's revolvers. The Colt's pistol was as deadly fifty years ago as it is to-day. While they were practicing down near the Birmingham Hotel, we are making ready for the battle to-morrow. The priest happened in from San Francisco, and persuaded them to keep the peace. I want to thank the priest for what he did. I didn't want to fight. I was only with men who did want to fight. On the 15th of November, 1857, when we went down the incline at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I says, "Kinney, I am going to wash a pan of dirt from the bedrock before our shift is out." "O yes, you are always going to do something great." I could tell by the color of the water we

were near the bedrock. By 12 o'clock we had sent up eight carloads of gravel and eighty carloads of water, eighty buckets each. The quartz boulders lay on the soft slate bedrock as if they had been placed there as paving stones. I turned one over, took a pan of dirt, washed it carlessly in the water that was coming in. It panned out about one dollar. It was the first time the blue lead was found north of Forest City. We called our company the Bright Star. Two years later the company was reorganized under the name of Union. They bought the Ganargua claim 1200 feet. The Union Company worked from fifty to one hundred men day and night for more than twenty-five years, and took out \$25,000,000. The lead was worked by the Pittsburg, Hawkeye, Monumental, Empire and Bonanza, yielding \$60,000,000.

Here was perhaps the only snowshoe club ever organized. They had regular meetings, gave large purses. The snowshoe is a runner six inches wide, six to twelve feet long. Each man had a secret dope to put on the bottom of his shoes to make them the slickest. The San Francisco dailies sent reporters to report their speed. They found them going faster than man had ever gone before. On one occasion Snowshoe Thompson, after winning the purse, deliberately walked on the summit of Sugarloaf Mountain, buckled on his shoes. Here is a mountain that pitches fifty feet in one hundred. No snowshoe man would ever think of making the attempt, and does he know of the late slide and the awful chasm rent. A shriek, he is off; a moment later Snowshoe Thompson was seen in the mists below, slowing up with his balance pole.

Old Jim Beckwith often came over from the valley to tell of his exploits. He was half black and half white, and awful gassy in camp.

White Headed Ross, the man of mystery, rode out like a plumed knight and always in the night, and afterwards a trusted policeman in Marysville. Captain Walker, brother of the filibuster in Nicaragua, had his recruiting office here. John Elder, a partner in the Bright Star, enlisted. I went with him down to the Irwin Hotel the evening before. He must start next morning; he went to bid his girl good-bye. "Oh, John, why don't you stay with me?" "I promised Captain Walker." "Oh, John, you promised me." I soon saw this is no place for me. I met R. Y. Jackson, who runs the saddletrain that Mr. Elder must take next morning. He didn't know of the heartache. Mr. El-

der never returned. O cruel, cruel war,
we pray to the prince of peace and we pen-
sion the red hand of war.

I had climbed the Oakland Heights to
visit Joaquin Miller, the poet, at his home.
Here is the man who could give utterance.
I had traveled the same road, dreamed the
same dreams. Mr. Miller, as I under-
stand, you belong to the whole world,
and I have come to look after my share.
I would much rather visit you now than
visit your tomb when you are dead.

"Touch hands that are flesh and can feel."

I am going over the ridge to visit my
old camp in Sawmill Canyon, where I
camped more than fifty years ago. Be
back precisely at 3 o'clock. We are going
to have a Modoc barbecue. My invited
guest is Miss Lagrange, who handles the

coin at the San Francisco Mint. When
the banquet was over I tuned the old
violin.

“Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made;
And oft he shook his hoary head,
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face and smiled;
And lighted up his faded eye,
With all a poet’s ecstasy.”



JOAQUIN MILLER AT HOME. By permission of Joaquin Miller, and Prince and Princess Kanno, this picture was taken before their marriage. The Princess's maiden name was Gertrude Boyle. I place this picture in my little book. We had visited Mr. Miller by invitation. This group was placed with all the detail and precision for which Mr. Miller is noted.

I warmed up on Auld Lang Syne and when I played The Arkansas Traveler, that's enough to make old Davie Crocket raise up from his grave. I shook hands with mother and Mr. Miller and promised to return at least once every year as long as I could climb the heights. As each season returned I climbed the Heights and partook of Mr. Miller's hospitality. We are the invited guests now, my brother and I. The sweet meats placed on a stick and held over the coals by the deft hand of Gertrude Boyle.

Yes, our passions in youth presage,
Virtue and truth in old age.

Would you abandon a thought
for lack of a rhyme

When the heart is o'er wrought?

Would you think it a crime. To make
love to one so tender in years.

Would you call it a sin when we mingle
our tears?

"Half yearning for something that might
have been."

Among the guests are Mr. Whitaker,
the novelist; Mr. Saville, the composer;
Dr. Wilson, the philosopher.

The philosopher with his quill and his
mind as pure as snow,
A nation can appreciate the seed of truth
you sow.

Man's noble nature will never truant
prove,

While the pen outranks the sword.

While we circle the banquet table mother
is gone.

"There have been tears and breaking
hearts for thee.

And mine were nothing, had I such to
give;

But when I stood beneath the fresh, green
tree;

Which living waves where thou didst
cease to live;

And saw around me the wide field revive.

With fruits and fertile promise and the
spring.

Come forth her work of gladness to contrive;
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she
could not bring."

While we played on the old violins and
the Burgundy went round, here is a toast
to the Grand Old Chief, so my brother.

No mountain so high but he has climbed
it;
No ocean so wide but he has crossed it;
My words are true, I must be brief,
And here's a toast to the Grand Old
Chief.

We are now on sacred ground and I am
one of the invited guests. I must be equal
to the task.

Yes, this world is wide,
Yet our Savior is our guide;
And sweet heaven is our goal.
While we journey along,

When we listen to song,
Our Grand Old Chief ranks them all.
Farewell for awhile.

How I outmaneuvered Tom Bell. Like Joaquin Murietta, he camped in the woods with his band. I met him at the Knoxville Hotel on the Rabbit Creek road. As they filed out of the canyon ten mounted men with pack mules loaded with camp equipage, guns and revolvers. A little boy about 3 years old was playing on the floor. See them robbers? They are our robbers. I only had \$300 in my pocket. I didn't think it would go round. While they stood by the washstand washing for dinner I stood among them, "And returned the chief his haughty stare." When they had all filed in to dinner I ran into the woods and took my dinner at the Woodville House.

How to tell the time of night by the dipper or pointers. When you plume your airship for San Francisco in 1913, go out to-night and take your bearing on the pointers to the north star; they make one revolution every twenty-four hours. One extra revolution every twelve months, less two minutes.



The Poet of the Sierras

They who are taught in the Atlantic
school

To climb fame's tottering tower by rule;

They will not recognize at best

They have a brother in the West;

But he who dares his breast to bare

To the envious critics sneer;

His sword, his shield, his coat of mail;

Is the pen and desk where so many fail.

Our productive shores where few have
tread

A world now comes to us for bread.

We ask why not some genius rise,

Who can commune with our cloudless
skies.

But skies like ours they have never seen.

And they will hear from us again

Our golden range, the laurel glen,

Are fields so rare for the poet's pen.

The Confidence Man.

My wife while ironing fell dead on the
floor,

The fire burned down my house and left
me out door

My children are hungry and their mother
is dead;

I beg you for money to buy them some
bread.

Although I am a stranger and in a strange
land.

Ere I fall by the wayside, oh, lend me a
hand.

Tears fell from our eyes like an Oregon
rain.

As he told his sad story over again.

Oh bring us glad tidings of fortunes
more kind,

Tell not such sad stories to prey on our
minds;

Sing songs of bright prospects, of wealth
and of fame.

Of heroes still living with no blot on their
names.

Aye, stranger, beware of death's darkest
night,

When the wrongs of this world must all
be made right.

When this body lies mouldering beneath
the cold clods,

Instead of lying to mortals we must tell
truths to the Gods.



The Boy Bandit's Monument.

He had wounded one of our companions, and rode away on Brown Alice, the pride of the plains. We still had a mount for two.

The first, the fiercest and the best,
A splendid sample of the West.
And when they reined their steeds in line
A sort of chill would reach your spine.
He was so fair; he was so young,
The dark locks o'er his shoulders hung;
And from the mildness of his eyes,
You might suspect a maid in disguise.
Alert my boys, you are now in a land
Where the only law is your own strong
hand.

On, on over the hilltop, down, down we
go,

Down on to the plain where the cactus
grows

There is no trail. By the tracks in the
sand,

Instead of one bandit we are pursuing a
band.

O life, O death, which will it be,
We fight, there is no referee.

When the smoke cleared away, his com-
rades had fled,

But the young boy bandit lay silent and
dead.

Down Echo Canyon by the halfway rock,
In his lonely grave his body reposes.
I lay this wreath his fate to mock
Plucked from my garden of roses.



The County of Butte.

Where seed wheat grows in dry season,
Where the hog never dies that will root,
Where the orange tree blooms without
freezing,

O, come to the county of Butte.
Reach out and take things that lay round
you,

Sell the old and buy things that are
new,

The pace that we make may astound you,

O come where the clovers first grew.
We have harnessed the winds and the
waters,

Two blades now where one only grew,
The voice of her sons and her daughters,
Awake while they are pleading to you.

In winter snows fall on the mountain,

In summer they crystal as dew

O, come to the evergreen fountain,

We all toss a beckon to you.

Under the Christmas Tree.

This emblem we have seen to-day,
Was seen in truth and sorrow,
And some of us who watch and pray,
May be with Christ to-morrow.
Existence is a pleasant dream,
When we feel our sins forgiven,
'Tis seldom we meet here to sing,
'Tis all a song in heaven,
My race is run, I've scarce began.
The work I see before me,
I've blazed the way for some other one
to build the road to glory.
And when I'm floating on the breeze,
To the place where God don't time me,
I'll only wonder who can please
The world I left behind me.

The River.

Soft blows the breeze by the river;
Fanning imagination to a flame,
T'was the little running brook in the
 mountains,
'Tis the river in the valley on the plain,
We have lived, we have loved by the
 river,
And our love was not lavished in vain;
The song birds sing songs on the river,
And our fancy reverberates again,
Who would pollute the clear river,
Bequeath it, no never a stain;
The wild flowers bloom on the river,
And in season they blossom again.

When my wife was visiting her sister
in the State of Ohio, she wrote such splendid
descriptions of her old home.

Sweet mother, the birds surround our
door,
And they sing their songs as they sung
before;
These very birds seem to recognize,
You are not in heaven, but in paradise.

Aunt Sarah Wing wanted me to write
a verse for her.

Dear sister, a song is a flow of the soul,
'Tis a tale of love that's ne'er half been
told;
'Tis the essence of truth,
'Tis a truce in the strife,
'Tis a pleasure in youth,
Dear sister, a song is the triumph of life.

Written In My Daughter's Album.

You ask me to write you a song,
It were wrong for me to refuse,
How glad I would help you along,
So let you this lesson peruse;
So in brief, when time and grief,
One ne'er waits on the other,
Has lain away till the judgment day,
Your father and your mother.
Sometime in spring when fields are green,
You will go and seek your brother,
And say, O rare was the paternal care
Of our father and our mother.

Written In a Young Lady's Album.

Beauty and youth are emblems of truth,
How fondly we linger with these;
So in old age we'll turn back to youth's
page
With experience to teach and to please.
'Tis a lesson to learn that young spirits
may yearn,
With fancies that never can be;
'Tis the wish of your friend that your
bark to the end
Ever may float on smooth seas.

My Man With the Hoe.

Where, O where, is the poor man with
the hoe,

He has left his fields and family dear,
Gone down the street to play pedro
For a glass of wine or Lagerbeer.

Why, O why, did the man who found
him,

Like the fat cow go;
With his little world around him,
And get lost in the slums of Chicago.

You may sing of brotherly love,
Of a heart that goes out to the poor,
Yet genius despises a Muggins,
And would turn him away from her
door.

San Francisco.

"Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?"

San Francisco, fair city by the Golden
Gate,

I saw thy Colmans, Brannans, all
Who made thee great before thy fall,
Did fate decree before thy birth,
That some dread demon belch forth a
flame

To wither, blast and blot thy name from
off the earth;

May thy good angel at thy second birth,
Escort and guide the more splendid far,
Than all the cities of the earth.

Miscellaneous.

Do the pine trees stand by the mill now?

Oh, no, they have passed away;
For the cycle of time to their trunks have
been laid

And like the old mill they sleep in the
shade

Of the minds that are passing away.

Is the creek where we swam gone dry,
now?

Oh, no, it is running still

But it has not the twists and the turns
that it had

When it ran the grand old mill.

The dam is all gone; the buttments all
hauled away,

And the headgates are only a shadow,
And haven't got long to stay.

Do the wild flowers bloom on the hill,
now?

Oh, no, it is bare and brown.

But come to the place in the springtime,
And some pansies may be found.

Do the bluffs by the dam look so high?

Oh, no, they only look flat,

For I have stood at the foot of Mt.
Shasta,

And these bluffs don't look high as a
gnat.

Do the girls that we loved look so gay?

Oh, no, who are left are wrinkled and
gray.

Some are mothers and some grandmoth-
ers,

While others have passed away.

—*G. N. Blanchard.*

There are some adventures and accidents that, after the danger is over, we would not have blotted from our lives.

On Pine Grove Hill, Sierra County, in 1854, I was drifting underground while Dich Richardson went outside with a wheel-barrow load of gravel. Our breast

caved in covering me up. It was a desperate struggle to extricate myself from the cave. The gravel kept falling so fast that I didn't dare to run from the cave to the main tunnel forty feet away. I was next to solid bank, but I must climb the loose gravel. I could hear the rescuers cheer. I am not in danger of losing my life. If the cave don't go to the surface fifty feet up, the rescuers will reach me from the main tunnel. In three hours' time it went to the surface. I crawled out of a dungeon and walked in the broad blazes of daylight.

In the Bright Star, at Howland Flat, I got in the car to go down the incline, 365 feet to the level below, while the tender pushed the car to the slope, 45 feet pitch. The ram's horn hook came unhooked, unnoticed by the tender. The ride was a whirlwind, but I came out unhurt.

Three years ago when the powder works blew up on McKeiver hill in North

Berkeley, we went up to see. The police were driving the people back. There will be another explosion heavier than the first. I fell in with Mr. Atcheson, a Berkeley policeman. We lay behind a little levee or dump. The explosion came. It drove us back like the arrow. I will not try to describe the effects of the chemists crucibles over the elements. In about ten seconds a cinder weighing about two ounces hit me on the head. Mr. Atcheson led me bleeding away. Dr. Hawkins said: "Yes, a glancing blow. You would not have lived to tell the tale had it hit you squarely on the head."

If you haven't a bank, start a bank account at once. The bank is a necessary part of our civilization. The bank is where the lender and borrower meet. The bank is where the boom farmer goes; the stock broker; in fact, every margin dealer goes to the bank. Here are some figures in interest. I sold a squatter's title to a quarter section of land situated where the

Alameda County Hospital now stands, to Joseph C. J. Moore, now of Linkville, Oregon; took his note for \$112.00 on June 1st, 1854; interest at 5 per cent per month, compound monthly. Here are the figures:

I believe in the old saying that "competition is the life of trade." The Socialist would have you believe that competition is ruining our civilization. When we were young men in the mines in the Sierras in the early '50's, my partner and I both received letters from our girls that read nearly alike. The tone of our correspondence must now change. "I am the happy wife of Mr. ——." I said, "Sam has won the prize," while my partner, poor fellow, he didn't believe in competition and pined away and died. I will not venture a prophecy as to the future of our cities. I believe individual effort will drive all associate capital from the field. I take my hat off to the young

men of our country who are digging the irrigation canals and placing the family on the ten-acre field.

Where the orange tree blooms;
Where the pineapple grows;
Where the date and the palm trees rise;
Where the tall peaks stand
All covered with snows,
That reaches to the skies.

Our Sacramento Valley home has perhaps the most beautiful view in the world. Ten miles north of the Butte mountains; Mt. Shasta lies nearly two hundred miles to the north; the summit of the Coast range lies nearly seventy-five miles away to the west; while the Sierras lie nearly seventy-five miles away to the east. With her peaks and ridges, Sierra, Buttes; Fir-cup Table Rock; Mt. Fillmore; Pilot Peak; Lassen Buttes; running north to Mt. Shasta, so the Coast range with her Three Brothers in the northwest where the sun goes down in mid summer; with



The Butte Mountains

her peaks and niches she must pass and re-pass before she returns next summer. One would suppose old Sol would start south next day after reaching his destination in the north, but he seems to linger in one little niche in the mountains for several days. The Butte mountains lie in the center of the Sacramento Valley. It looks like the great moulder had finished the Coast range and started to cross the valley and had spilled them from his ladle. All of these mountains can be seen on a clear day, and we have more clear days than cloudy ones. It is clear to-day, and both the Coast and Sierras are white with snow.

Man will disappoint you while nature still holds you in her charm.

I am glad the young man called my name. I am perhaps the oldest inhabitant and ought to be the best authority. I met the Shaeffers, Pitts and Posies, on this ridge more than fifty years ago,—long be-

fore the name of Biggs. With this splendid hall; you have the swiftest fire company on the coast; your municipal light and water supply; your splendid library built with conscience money; your palatial residences; and your Ladies' Improvement Club that has planted trees on every line. But listen to the other side.

We sometimes seem to sell our souls,
 And while we worship and weigh our
 gold,
 We oft neglect our patriarchs,
 And bow and scrape to our money
 sharks.

You have a little republic forty by sixty rods, where the majority is supposed to rule. You have entered into a combination and the success of that combination depends upon the debauch of your own sons. Your capitalist has built the dread saloon with your ten petitioners, and each petitioner's name ought to be written on the rainbow in the heavens. You have

granted a license to the dopist to sell his dope. It is unlawful for him to sell his dope without your license. You have fifty dollars a month to your share,—a princely sum. You have four murders to your share,—four murders and the midnight brawl. Would you have it more? There is no peace. You must fight for dope or decency. You would murder me for what I say, and I must kill in self-defense. But why recount these horrors while we still have hope.

Go dry your town, thus scrouged for
years;
And dry your wives' and mothers' tears.
No heartache then, nor grief nor groans;
Nor, "Mother, why don't pa come home?"

May 10th. We have started for the Yukon-Seattle Exposition, two hundred miles by the wagon road to San Francisco. The snows are melting in the mountains. The flood waters have covered the roads for miles. The danger sign is

placed in the road. We never take the back track. Mounted on Radium McKinney,—my brother stays in the buggy,—I ride out in the flood waters one mile to guard against washouts; return move up the buggy; strip the harness from Radium; ride another mile; return, and another and another. We have reached the bridge. It is dark. We are wet and cold. Ten miles from Bantas and Radium is tired. We have reached Bantas. 'Tis midnight. The public hotel is closed for the day. My brother remembered a Mexican family where he had been sheltered when traveling the road before. We rapped at the door. Mother and daughter are soon preparing our supper. Here is the old pioneer Mexican family going north, and the old pioneer American family going west, meeting in the desert, like Lew Wallace's three religions. We were soon acquainted, while we dined and listened to family lore. "You remind me most of one I knew so long ago. I am

writing a book and I would like to have your picture to represent my girl in the shipwreck." She turned to mother. "That is all right. Give him the little Gem you had taken last." In a few minutes she returned with the name written on the back which she pronounced, Jaunita Gallego. What melody! How poetic! She turned to mother again. "He is a great author. He is writing a book." Such childish innocence, with thoughts as pure as our nation's earliest intentions. I recalled Byron's line: "O, never talk again to me, of northern climes nor British ladies."

And Wordsworth line: "Her beauty made me glad" I must paraphrase, "Her beauty made me mad."

If I were to dedicate my little book, it would be to the printers. They are efficient and clever people. How long they have been pestered with preachers and poets. Everyone depends upon the printer

for a puff. I once wrote a poem, took it to our home paper. The editor was a good friend of mine. "Oh yes, your poetry has all the merits you claim for it, and I would be glad to print it, but my exchanges would everlastingly bat me for printing home-made poetry."

I have passed the three quarter pole. I have kept no diary; never dipped my pen in ink; have lived an obscure life. I have kept Byron's line in view, "He who would see the best must be himself unseen." Even one of our near neighbors wanted to know of Caroline the other day, how long she had been a widow.

I have come into the Gazette office in classic Berkeley. I am willing to pay the price. You will punctuate, correct spelling and grammar. I kept a lookout for the smile of derision. And didn't Mr. Herman Muller recommend us to the Gazette office—the manager, editor, typewriter and the printer?



The Old-Time Fiddler.

Doc. and I will bring our violins and give you a sample of our music. Mr. Mathews didn't like to deny us. I have confidence now, not in myself, but in the Gazette staff.

I have always taken a great interest in athletic sports, the poetry of action. Look at the clock work of our great national game, baseball; a friendly bout with the mits. I am perhaps the only man living that sparred with Yankee Sullivan. I have seen one modern prize fight,—a knockout blow on the solar-plexus. How could they have the heart to play so cruel?

After our alliance with Captain Thompson and Captain McFarland we often ran foot races, hopped and wrestled.

England, Ireland and Scotland have been one government for 300 years. They are as distinct as they were 300 years ago. The Englishman believes he is the biggest pebble on the beach. He don't believe in anything but law. I always had the best

results where there is no law. I read an account, a few years ago, of three Englishmen who were blown to sea in a small boat. They were about to starve to death. They concluded to try the cannibal plan. Two were made into steak. The wind veered,—the other fellow came home, told his story; they arrested him; tried him before a jury; found him guilty of double murder and hung him. In concert, Alice Lisle and Elizabeth Gaunt.

Oh why sing the praises of waves and
blazes?

Oh why sing the praises of blazes and
waves?

The blazes and waves brought us to our
graves.

So with our train. Captain McFarland was the law. We were rivals still, Doc was the champion wrestler, and champion rifle shot, and killed the first buffalo.

P. R. Welch was the swiftest runner.



The Champion Wrestler.

Harry Woodruff was drowning in the icy waters of the Upper Colorado. Lyman swam in and saved his life. Ed. Harris and Bender ran down the boy bandit. All of these belong to the Lewis wing.

Captain McFarland was a grand man. In all of my travels I never saw a man better fitted for the difficult position. I stood by when he delivered the lecture to Mr. Dutton.

“Reed Dutton left Independence, Ohio, for California in February, 1860. His family consisted of his wife, Emily, Lucelia and Lucina Dutton, Albert Warren and Frank Dutton. They all arrived safely at Tomales, Marin Co., in October of the same year.

The Reed Dutton family had a very narrow escape from massacre while crossing Nevada. Late one afternoon he dropped behind the train to repair his wagon, and it was dusk before he resumed his journey. He had not gone far when a shot was fired. He whipped up

his horses and succeeded in getting out of range. The train also heard the shot and sent aid. An examination showed that the bullet struck the end of the single tree of the wheel horse, splitting it. Mr. Dutton was summoned before the captain that evening and given a good lecture, and was informed that he must either keep up with the train or drop out all together. It is needless to add that he kept up with the procession after the episode.”

ALBERT DUTTON.

Mr. Dutton had allowed himself to straggle behind and was fired on by the Indians from ambush.

It was at the head waters of the Humboldt River a few days after that we had left our favorite cow. After we struck camp. Doc and I rode back four miles to try to nurse her in camp. While we were hunting around among the willows we came within 50 yards of one hundred or more Indians making a barbacue of

our cow. Of course we didn't dispute ownership.

Captain Thompson was no less a disciplinarian, but for myself it was more like shipping chickens by the carload and turning them loose in the car.

The influence exerted on our state by the people of the "Big Train" as it was called, will never be known. I must mention a little romance that happened with one family. Mr. Parker, a young man, his wife and babe,—a little girl six months old,—they had just settled down in a quiet home. Mr. Parker had some difficulty with another man. While defending his honor, the man lost his life. Mr. Parker preferred the woods to the decision of a jury. Mrs. Parker and the babe waited. No word or sign. Mrs. Parker again married. Twenty years. Three camp fires on Wood River, Idaho. Doc has never left the trail. This reminds me of crossing the plains. What year? 1860; Captain McFarland's train.

Lewis, oh, yes, I remember. The situation seemed awkward, but Doc has long since learned not to ask a direct question. The little babe on the plains is now a beautiful young woman. Mrs. Parker seems to have two husbands. The riddle is solved when Mr. Parker and Mrs. Reamer recognize each other. I will leave it to themselves. The fact is, of the three camp fires, one is Parker's; one is Reamer's; and one is Doc's. Did I digress? When I began this page I called up the athlete. Near Rainville, Indiana, in the dooryard of the old Brown home, there stands two stakes fifty-six feet apart, placed there by Mr. Brown's neighbors nearly 70 years ago. The ground is level and Mr. Brown covered the distance, three hops back and forward. We had no athletic clubs. I say to the athletes of to-day, "Go hop fifty-six feet, running start, and we will treat with you." Mr. Brown's contour was of the kangaroo, but nothing like deformity. His features were like

the Jew. He seemed a Jew without the commercial tact. His eyes were dark; brows were black and heavy as the buffalo's mane. He lived on his eighty-acre farm with his young wife and two babes. He did not follow the plow nor engage in any manual labor. He lived by the chase. In fact he was known as "hound John Brown." He was never known to have a hound that would take the back track. It is a fact in nature that there is once in a while a hound that will take the back track. While the author of Ben Hur was taking his first lessons in the little red school house on the east bank of the Wabash, John Brown was making a record that was to astonish the athlete world.

The McDade brothers were schoolmates of Lew Wallace. In Newtown, Fountain County, Indiana, no one ever knew from whence Mr. Brown came. He might have been a second son of some great English landed estate who did not

like the entailment laws. So our own entailment laws. By will we tie up God's green earth. For generations the Stanford will to the Leland Stanford Jr. University establishes the rent system for thousands of acres of our fair state. The same fate that builds such splendor in San Mateo creates a wilderness in Butte.



Young reader, if in these rambling lines I have told some facts or said some things that made you glad, I will be glad.

The Old-Time Fiddlers.

(From the Woman's Home Companion.)

On the low hills that hedge in the swamp stretches of the Illinois Kankakee; in the valley of Indiana's Lost River; in the Wisconsin woodlands, and in the Kentucky bluegrass pastures are found the homes of the old-time fiddlers. There are no young fiddlers in this middle-western country. The young fiddlers are all violinists; save the mark! This land of prairie, pasture and forest was prolific of fiddlers. Their race is nearing its end, and when it is fairly run a regret will linger in the hearts of those who know these ancient players, like that felt when the strains of one of their pathetic melodies passes from fiddle and bow.

There are enough of them left, however, to make up goodly gatherings twice a year in different parts of their home states, when they meet to engage in hon-

ored "old fiddlers" contests. These contests smack of the Western soil. They are peculiar to the prairie country and to a small part of Kentucky and Wisconsin. The old snowy-headed men who compete for prizes at these meetings have no new music. Their tunes in the main have been handed down to them, father to son, from the days when the first tide of humanity swelled over the Allegheny Mountains and spread to the land beyond. The quality of their music is Nature's own. Through it all the cardinal whistles, the quail calls and the tufted titmouse pipes.

BANCROFT
LIBRARY



My California.

California with her songs of the Ocean,
Pronounced by the waves of the Sea;
I linger a time in devotion,
Then drew a rein for mountain and tree.

Refrain:

O, the winds and the waves with their
 bluster,
In winter as cold as neglect.
A summer's sun still sheds his soft luster,
Tho many's the ship they have wrecked.

Protected by the Solons of a nation,
Tall Sequoias majestically stand.
Tall fir trees take up their station—
A wild wood, fantastically grand.

Refrain:

Through the wild wood long ago where
 we wandered
I loved her—she said she loved me.

Life's springtime together we've squandered.

The pale moon now shines down through
the trees.

Where the sunbeam reaches down his
long fingers

'Tis noonday, yet matchless as morn.

'Tis noonday—yet twilight still lingers,

Like sunset when time was first born.

Refrain :

Through the wildwood long ago where
we wandered,

I loved her—she said she loved me.

Life's springtime together we've squandered.

The pale moon now shines down through
the trees.

Where loves are so rare and requited

O land where the poppies first grew

To youths that were fair, were united

This, this is the land of the few.

Refrain :

Through the wildwood long ago where
we wandered.

I loved her—she said she loved me.
Life's springtime together we've squandered.

The pale moon now shines down through
the trees.

Turn backward—turn back to the ocean,
Where wave chases wave on the sand.
A song of perpetual motion
As they rolled on when time first began.

Refrain :

O, the winds and the waves with their
bluster

In winter as cold as neglect.

A summer's sun still sheds his soft luster
Tho many's the ship they have wrecked.

My Yosemite.

High terraced walls of rock and tree
Here are the Falls of Yosemite
A very mine of mystery
You almost feel that you have flown
From some old world and this is Heaven
and all your own.

Take no pen picture of the place
Enough to wander here to trace
The Alpine features of her face
El Capitan, a name given by man
The angeles call the sentinel
To guard the secrets of this dell
And to watch and hold as you would hold
The very secrets of your soul
I look in vain for Indian name or scroll
Of cryptic song or any sign
Of prince or princess who had come to
behold
And worshipped at thy shrine
Perchance Wawona came this way
To celebrate her nuptial day

Like Princess Lallala upon another throne
The name of her lover chief may ne'er be
known

I sing my simple song of thee
To those who loved thee
And to those who ne'er, like me, shall
chance to wander here.

(Lone Oak.)



Time Fiddler Adds Jest to Virginia Reel.

st was added to the occasion by the presence of Captain John I. Lewis, fiddler the days of '49, who furnished music for many a mining town hall in that good old time. The captain brought his fiddle with him and played for a Virginia reel, while the ladies and small boys of the booth danced and he tapped time with the bow of his cowhide l.

no mean consequence, but he is also a poet, and through his book, "My Garden of Roses," has won a statewide reputation. He was a very close friend of Joaquin Miller and a notable member of California's earliest literary colony.

He is now approaching his eightieth birthday. He has a clear blue eye and a long white bard, just enough tangle to hint at earlier and hardier days. Lewis makes strenuous objection to being termed a "violinist." He declares himself a "fiddler" of the old school. He will have none of the catchy tunes of the day, but is well satisfied with the good old airs that our grandmothers knew.

In an old-time fiddlers contest in connection with the Pioneers' Day conducted by Miss Kathryn Cole at the State Fair a year ago, Captain Lewis won first prize.

HUNTS GOLD, POETRY

Capt. John Lewis Returned From War
on Trip Through Indian Valleys.

58, has reached San Francisco again on the ... and San

years old, and found other things in his wanderings—thing of beauty and poetry, and says that he would not exchange his wealth with Rockefeller.

He is on his way to visit his old friend Joaquin Miller and submit to him new poems and alterations in his little book, "My Garden of Roses."



A lonely plot in Paradise
of lettered rock to greet the Christ
Captain Lanning

